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Congressional Document.

BUILDING FOR WAR DEPARTMENT.

June 3, 1840.—Submitted by Mr. PETRIKIN, and ordered to lie upon the table, and be printed.

WAR DEPARTMENT, May 22, 1840.

SIR: In compliance with a resolution of the Committee on Public Buildings of the House of Representatives, calling upon the Secretary of War to furnish answers to certain interrogatories relative to the number of buildings rented for the accommodation of the War Department, and asking what would be the cost of a building, made fire-proof, which would enable the War Department to dispense with these buildings, I have the honor to submit the accompanying report of the Chief Topographical Engineer, and the plan therein referred to, to which I invite the favorable action of the committee.

I concur in every part of the plan, excepting that I would advise the lower and first stories to be built upon groin arches, and the upper part of the building, as proposed in plan No. 3, sustained on iron joists and small arches. I do not believe the cost of such a building would exceed sixty thousand dollars, and it might be erected and fit for use in the summer of 1841.

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,
J. R. POINSETT.

HON. LEVI LINCOLN,
Chairman Committee on Public Buildings
and Grounds, House of Representatives.

BUREAU OF TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS,
Washington, May 21, 1840.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge your direction, to report upon a communication from a committee of the House of Representatives, in the following words:

"On motion of Mr. Petrikin,

"Resolved, That the chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, request the Secretary of War to furnish the committee with answers to the following interrogatories:

"1. What number of buildings are rented for the accommodation of the War Department, and what bureaus occupy those buildings?

"2. What is the amount of rent paid annually for those buildings?

"3. Are any of them fire-proof?

"4. What would be the cost of a building, made fire-proof, which would enable the War Department to dispense with those buildings?

"5. Have you a plan of such a building that you can furnish to the committee?"

In reference to these inquiries I have the honor to state: That there are now under rent, for the accommodation of the War Department, six three-story brick buildings, at an aggregate annual rent of \$3,000. These buildings are occupied by the following bureaus:

1. Bureau of Pensions;
2. Bureau of Bounty Lands;
3. Bureau of the Paymaster-General;
4. Bureau of the Commissary-General of Subsistence;
5. Bureau of Ordnance;
6. Bureau of the Surgeon-General;

7. Bureau of the Engineers of Fortifications;
8. Bureau of Topographical Engineers;
9. Bureau of Army Clothing.

None of these buildings are fire-proof, or built with any precautions or guards against fire, beyond what is customary in dwelling-houses. The enumeration of the bureaus which occupy them, will sufficiently indicate the importance of the documentary matter intrusted to them, and the consequent exposure of the same in buildings of such a character. Referring merely to the records of this bureau, I find them to contain no less than 2,155 sheets of topographical maps and plans, the greater part of them original, and results from the labors of the corps. Also 42 atlases and portfolios, several of them extremely rare and valuable.

In addition to the exposure of so much valuable matter, the buildings are deficient in many conveniences necessary to the execution of public business, and to the proper arrangement of the public property.

The fourth question is in reference to the cost of a suitable building, which would enable the department to dispense with those buildings now rented. The objects desirable to accomplish in such a building, as you did me the honor to explain to me, are:

1. That it should furnish sufficient space for the several bureaus now in the occupation of rented buildings.

2. That it should admit of being completed at an early period, so early that it could be occupied in the course of the next year.

3. That it should be planned so as to connect itself conveniently with the existing buildings denominated the War and Navy Departments.

4. That it should not be costly, so that when, at any future period, Congress might think proper to arrange all the public offices on a different plan, the sacrifice would not be great, in dispensing with the one now contemplated.

It has appeared to me that all these objects can be accomplished, better than in any other way, by the erection of a simple fire-proof three-story brick building, without ornament or decoration, having solely in view the public objects for which it is to be erected; and that its position should be between the two central projections of the present War and Navy Departments. Except that the building would be somewhat wider than those projections, it might be considered as a mere extension of the same from one department to the other; furnishing, throughout the whole, an in-door communication.

Such a building would furnish, in the cellar-basement, six good rooms for offices, the opposite six being required as store-rooms for winter fuel; twelve good rooms on the first, twelve on the second, and twelve on the third floor; thus yielding forty-two good office rooms, exclusive of the garret. But it is contemplated, on the third floor, to dispense with the partitions at the points *a*, *b*, and probably at *c*, *d*, so as to have two or four large rooms on this floor for drawing and engineer purposes. This would reduce the number of rooms to forty or thirty-eight, according as the third floor might be arranged. As in either case, however, the whole space is preserved, it would not lessen the public accommodation of the building; and, from the best estimate which I have been able to make, such an addition as the one represented, connected with the present war and navy buildings, would furnish ample accommodation, at the present time, and probably for twenty years to come, for both

the War and Navy Departments, and their necessary adjunct accounting offices.

There has not yet been sufficient time to have the contemplated building exhibited on paper, in elevation, and in all its details of plan for every story. But the plan now submitted of the first floor, will, probably, be sufficient; as each succeeding floor will be similar to the first, with the exception of the larger rooms, as before stated, on the third floor.

The probable cost of such a building will depend entirely upon the kind of fire-proof plan adopted.

No. 1. If the basement is made, as in the present War Department, with the first a paved floor, resting on groin arches, and the rest of the building erected in the usual way, but of good materials, with a slate-roof, its cost would not exceed \$20,000. Yet such a building would not be fire-proof.

No. 2. The basement the same as the first, the superstructure similar, but the floors of coarser material, sanded, and paved with brick; stairways incombustible, of iron or stone, slate-roof. Such a building might well be considered fire-proof, as all its combustible parts would be protected from fire by plastering or paving, or by the nature of the material; and it could not be burnt, without manifest design and labor in breaking through the covering to get at the combustible parts, hardly a probable event, under the supposition that the usual guard to the buildings will exercise an ordinary degree of vigilance. The most accessible and exposed parts of the building, the cellar-basement, will be perfectly fire-proof, and all communications with it, and the stories above, will be intercepted by the archwork.

Such a building, with more than the usual precautions and care in its structure, to guard against the possibility of fire by accident, would not, in my judgment, exceed a cost of \$30,000.

No. 3. Cellar-basement as before; floors paved, sustained on iron joists and small arches, stairways incombustible, of iron or stone, slate-roof upon an iron frame.

We have, as yet, had no experience in buildings of this kind, although they have been much adopted in Europe. They are undoubtedly fire-proof. After, however, having given to the subject all the consideration which accessible means would enable me, I feel well assured that its cost would not exceed \$50,000.

No. 4. Cellar-basement as before, and all the floors of the superstructure paved, and sustained by arches of masonry; stairways of stone, roof of copper. This would be a regular fire-proof building, of massive brick-masonry and arches. Its cost would be about \$80,000.

From the foregoing remarks, it will appear that there are three plans of constructing the proposed building, which may be considered fire-proof, and all of them similar in materials and structure to the first floor. To this extent, therefore, there is no difference between either plan; all differences will exist in the character of the superstructure above the basement.

The plan No. 2 could be erected in the least time, and would cost the least. It is, however, exposed to the objection of not being completely fire-proof against deliberate design, as its combustible parts may be reached by removing the plastering or paving.

The plan No. 3 fulfils all the ideas of a fire-proof building, being equally protected by its materials against design as well as accident. It has, on this account, a preference, in my judgment, over No. 2, and also over No. 4, because it will cost less, will be equally efficient, can be completed and occupied in less time, loses less space by massive dead masonry, its walls having to sustain no lateral thrust, and it admits, with greater facility, of modifications, in the connections and sizes of the rooms of the upper floors, which future convenience may require. There is no

doubt with me that a building of this kind may be completed and occupied during the course of the next year, if an appropriation should be granted in time to make a judicious beginning in the present, and to secure a delivery of the requisite materials for its continuation on the opening of the ensuing season.

The plan No. 4 is that of an undoubted fire-proof building, of massive brick-masonry. It will be much more costly than either of the others, and will take much longer time before it can be completed, and be in a condition to be occupied. To these objections, it may be added, that it wastes valuable space by its massive walls, and admits, with extreme difficulty, of any future modification in the connections and sizes of the rooms.

The plan No. 3 may be so arranged as to throw, at a future day, the whole of one side of a story into one room, if it should ever be desirable, at a trifling cost, and without injury to the strength of the building or of its fire-proof character.

But, as it is extremely doubtful if any greater extent of the building can be put up during the present season than the basement and its groin arches, and as this much is common to all the plans which have been spoken of, might it not be advisable that the law should not contain any other specifications than that the building should be fire-proof, and the superstructure, above the basement, be according to some one of the plans submitted, as the War Department should decide, after a full investigation of the details of each? In the meantime, the necessary drawing of the building in plan and elevation, and the details of every story, upon a suitable scale, could be made.

Very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

J. J. ABERT,

Colonel Topographical Engineers.

Hon. J. R. POINSETT,

Secretary of War.

MISCELLANY.

INTERVIEW OF THE OFFICERS OF THE 81ST REGIMENT WITH NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.—On the afternoon of the 1st of September, 1817, the officers of our regiment, with Sir George Bingham and Colonel Nicol at their head, repaired to Longwood. We called at Marshal Bertrand's house, fifty or sixty yards from the residence of Napoleon, to pick up the marshal, who accompanied us to the billiard-room, where we found Counts Montholon and Gourgaud. After waiting five or six minutes, the folding-doors of the ante-chamber were thrown open—we entered, formed a ring round the room, according to seniority, and in about a minute Napoleon walked into the circle. He was dressed in a plain dark green uniform coat, without epaulets or any thing equivalent, but with a large star on the breast, which had an eagle in the centre. The buttons were gold, with the device of a mounted dragoon, in high relief. He had on white breeches with silk stockings, and oval gold buckles in his shoes, with a small opera hat under his arm. Napoleon's first appearance was far from imposing—his stature was short and thick—head sunk into his shoulders—his face fat, with large folds under the chin—the limbs appeared to be stout, but well proportioned—complexion olive—expression sinister, and rather scowling. The features instantly reminded us of the prints of him we had seen. On the whole, his general look was more that of an obese Spanish or Portuguese friar than the hero of modern times. Buonaparte walked round the room, with an attempt (as it seemed) at the old dignity, and addressed a few words to most of the officers. Col. Nicol was first introduced by Sir George Bingham—he and Marshal Bertrand acting as interpreters. The following conversation then took place, which I copy,

as well as the whole proceedings on this memorable occasion, from minutes noted down immediately after the interview:—

Napoleon—"Your regiment has lately arrived from India; coming from that rich country you should wear gold, and not silver. How many years does it take to acclimatize a regiment of Europeans?"—Colonel Nicol: "Two or three years; a few die the first year, more the second, but the mortality is much reduced the third." "Did your officers save much money in India?"—"No; the expense of living is too great." "How many servants did you keep there?"—"I had at one time between thirty and forty; I think thirty-nine." "Do you think a regiment is efficient after twenty years service in India?"—"Yes; it is fed by recruits from home." "What kind of troops are the Seapoys?"—"Those in the British service are excellent troops." "How many battalions of Seapoys of equal strength would you engage with the 66th?"—"Do you mean battalions with British officers, or without them?"—"Both the one and the other." "Seapoy regiments, with British officers, are good and steady soldiers. I should not like great disparity of force with them, though I might manage to defeat four or five battalions belonging to the native powers, and I am pretty sure we could." "Very good; you are a fine fellow. (*Un brave homme.*) How many officers have you in your mess?"—"We have 16 at Deadwood." "You sit very late at the mess, I hear; often till midnight."—"O yes; when we have a few good fellows there, we don't stir sometimes till cock-crow."—"But the officers get tipsy then, don't they?" (then in English, "drunk, drunk, eh?")—"O no, no; they don't get drunk." "Your men, I perceive, walk about very much in the sun, and without their caps. That's wrong."—"It is, and we do all we can to prevent it." "Have you not a Catholic officer in the regiment?"—"Yes," (with a nod at Lieut. McCarthy, who stood nearly opposite at the other side of the circle.) "He has been to Rio Janeiro lately, I hear."—"Yes, and is just returned." "He went there to get absolution for his peccadilloes, I suppose?"—(Repeated—"Absolution, *nest ce pas*?") Answered by a laugh from Colonel Nicol, and a blush on the honest and naturally rubicund physiognomy of the officer in question.

Napoleon then turned to Lieutenant Colonel Lascelles. "What countryman are you?"—"An Englishman." "From what part of England?"—"From Yorkshire." "Were you born in the city of York?" No.

He then passed to the next senior officer, Lieutenant Colonel Dodgin, C. B., who had several clasps and medals on his breast. He was besides, a remarkably fine military looking man, and when walking with me in London, had been more than once mistaken for the Duke of York. Napoleon looked at him with some complacency, and took hold with his fingers of the most glittering of the batch of distinctions, which happened to be the Vittoria medal; but as soon as he read "that word of fear," he dropped it instantly, and rather abruptly. It was no mere fancy of mine, but a matter of plain fact, observed and spoken of at the time by us all, that his gesture was exactly that of a person letting fall something unexpectedly and disagreeably hot. He then said:—"You have decorations, I see. Where did you serve?"—"In Egypt and the Peninsula." "Were you at Salamanca or Thoulouse?"—"No." "Was your regiment at Talavera?"—"Yes." "Were you ever wounded?"—"Yes; twice." "Was your name sent home as an officer who had distinguished himself?" (When Colonel Dodgin hesitated, Captain Baird answered for him—"Yes; three times.")

Buonaparte next addressed Captain Baird:—"You are a Captain of Grenadiers?"—"Yes." "How many years have you been in the service?"—"Nearly

twenty." "And still only a Captain?"—"Even so."

Next, Captain Jordan passed the ordeal. He was married to a handsome St. Helena lady whom he had met in India, and whose father's house was not more than a mile from Longwood. "You are married?" "Yes." "Your wife is pretty, I hear. How many children have you?"—"Two."

Then Captain Dunne:—"You have been in India?" "Yes." "How long have you served?"—"Fourteen years."

Napoleon then glanced at the next officer, Captain E——, a Cambridgeshire man, of most uncouth and forbidding exterior and physiognomy—in fact, an evident descendant of the colony of Barbarians settled in that county by a Roman Emperor—but not being pleased with the Vandal, he passed by without addressing him, and accosted his neighbor, Captain L' Estrange, a worthy little fellow, of very dark complexion. "Have you served in India?"—"Yes." "How long have you served?"—"Fourteen years—two in India." There seemed to be some mistake made here by the interpreters, in confounding the entire services of this officer with the time passed in India. "How is it your complexion is so dark? Were you sick in India?"—"No." "Do you drink?" (and then translating the French—"drink? drink?") Answered by a smile. "Which do you think the best town? Calcutta or James's town?" Repeated and attempted to be translated—"Veech you tink de best town?"—"Calcutta."

Next in the circle stood Captain Duncan:—"How long have you served?"—"Upwards of twenty years." "You have been in India?"—"Yes." "Were you ever in action?"—"Yes." "And ever wounded?"—"No." "Then you are a lucky fellow."

Buonaparte then addressed Mr. Heir, the surgeon:—"You are the surgeon of the regiment?"—"Yes." "Do you hold any other commission?"—This question was answered by Sir George Bingham:—"This gentleman is the surgeon major; (not, unhappily, considering that my excellent *amigo*, Heir, was about six feet and a half high,) and then there was here some confusion, and the interpreters, Sir George Bingham and the Marshal were a little at fault; confounding surgeon major and sergeant major—Sir George not being perfect in French, and Marshal Bertrand very defective in his English. At length Napoleon said:—"Lord Wellington promoted several of his surgeon majors, I have heard." Sir George Bingham:—"Pardon, Sire, (but this imperial recognition, which had never been sanctioned by the British Government, was evidently a lapsus of the moment;) pardon, it was the sergeant majors—several of whom got commissions during the Peninsula war." To Mr. Heir:—"You had a great many sick in India?"—"Yes; it is not a healthy climate." "Many liver complaints?"—"Yes." "Do you prescribe calomel largely?"—"Yes."

Next in order was Lieutenant Moffat. "What countryman are you?"—"An Irishman." "Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" With marked and indignant emphasis:—"A Protestant." Buonaparte now moved somewhat quicker than before, round the circle, passing by some of the officers without speaking to them, after individual introduction, and addressing merely a word as to length of service to one or two others. When he arrived at the point where I stood, Marshal Bertrand made me a bow of recognition; on which the great man stopped, and the Marshal formally introduced me as the English physician that had recently attended his eldest son, Napoleon's little favorite and namesake. He then looked at me with a slight expression of complacency, and said:—"You have served in India?"—"Yes." "You had much professional duty there?"—"A good deal, certainly." "Were diseases of the liver very common in India?"—"Yes; they occur more

frequently there than in colder climates." "Your soldiers drink an enormous quantity of brandy in India?" "They are much too fond of spirits—arrack is cheap there, and the climate makes them thirsty." "Do you bleed and give large doses of calomel there, as the English doctors do here?"—"I believe the practice is similar." "Are you, too, a devotee of the lancet? Ah, God defend me from it! (*Ah, Dieu m'en garde!*)"—"In my opinion it is our most potent weapon." "To kill or cure? Eh, M. le Docteur?"—"It is our duty to cure."

Then Ensign Wardell:—"You are a young man. How long have you served?"—"Seven years." "You entered the service very young then?"—"Yes; but I have served in the navy." "You were a midshipman?"—"Yes."

One or two more were asked one question, only as to length of service, and the round was completed. He then addressed Colonel Nicol a second time—"So the Seapoys are good troops?"—"Yes; they are excellent soldiers—respectful, sober, and obedient." "But yet you would fight five or six battalions of them with your own regiment?"—"Not Seapoys with British officers—I should not like to engage two such battalions."

A few sentences were then exchanged between Napoleon, Marshal Bertrand, and Sir George Bingham; and we all bowed and retired.

As we walked home to Deadwood, and calmly reviewed what had passed, and compared the appearance, manner, and conversation of Buonaparte with our preconceived ideas, prepossessions, and expectations, the general feeling and result was disappointment—but this might have been reasonably anticipated. Without reference to the usual sobering effect of vicinity and contact, in dissipating the gilded halos with which a sanguine fancy invests distant and remarkable objects; the interview with Napoleon had dissolved a glory, *par excellence*. A fascinating prestige which we had cherished all our lives, then vanished like gossamer in the sun. The great Emperor Napoleon, the hero of modern times, had merged in an unsightly and obese individual; and we looked in vain for that overwhelming power of eye, and force of expression, which we had been taught to expect by a delusive imagination.

At our mess-dinner the same evening, our illustrious neighbor had evidently fallen off by one half from our notions concerning him, of the day before. Of course our conversation was exclusively occupied by the great event of the day, which would form a sort of epoch in our lives. Various and amusing enough was the confidential chat over our wine that evening. Some were much dissatisfied at the answers they had given, and wished the interview could be re-acted, that they might behave better. One or two honest fellows acknowledged a loss of all presence of mind on the occasion. We had some mirth at poor L'Estrange's expense, about the "drink? drink?" and the fuddling propensity of which he was so unceremoniously accused by Buonaparte; though the charge was quite unfounded. Besides, we were puzzled to understand by what peculiar mode of reasoning the Emperor had established the whimsical connection between intemperance of this sort, and a dark complexion; and more particularly as the induction would bear hard against himself.

Colonel Nicol's reply to Napoleon's question about the Seapoys, was deservedly admired as happy and correct. The interrogation was, in all probability, a trap; and the querist thought that in the Colonel's desire to puff his own corps, he might choose to elevate its character at the expense of disparaging the Seapoys. For it was well known that Buonaparte generally spoke slightly of our Indian army; and any depreciation of the excellent troops that compose it could scarcely be unacceptable to him. Besides

the peculiar dislike he might entertain for that army, as a vast, though distant bulwark of British power, there was a peculiar and strong association formed in his mind between it and a distinguished individual, for whom he never had reason to cherish much affection. He, himself, was believed to be the writer of an article in the *Moniteur*, about the time of Massena's retreat from the lines before Lisbon, full of virulent abuse of England, and the English army; in which Lord Wellington was opprobriously called "only a Seapoy General."—"Trifles from my Portfolio," by Staff-Surgeon Henry, of the British Army.

From the London New Monthly Magazine for Nov.

DUMOULIN;

OR, THE REVOLUTIONIST.

"March to the *Hotel de Ville!*" cried a thin, tall, meagre, sallow-looking man, about forty years of age, wearing nankeen trousers half way up his legs, a blue coat and yellow buttons, whether copper or brass I know not, and without a waistcoat or gloves. His hat received a cut from an officer of the body-guard of Charles X, which cut had saved his head. This was not the first time that head had been in danger—for he had been tried before the Court of Peers in 1820 for his life, and had only escaped by a majority of one in his favor.

"March to the *Hotel de Ville!*" repeated the motley multitude, as they turned round the corner of the *place du Louvre*, on the quays at Paris, and arrived in front of the Institute, but on the opposite side of the river. The leader was named Dumoulin. The motley multitude, some two or three thousand in number, was composed of the refuse of society, who, liberated from prison, preferred the chances of grape-shot to the certainties of the galleys, and who, from their professional knowledge, could plunder a gunsmith's shop with indescribable rapidity. It was the 29th of July, 1830. The sun was not warming, but scorching the paving stones of Paris, and nothing like humidity could be found, except on the foreheads of these self-created heroes. The boys carried choppers, to enable them to lame most effectually the cavalry horses, by creeping under them and chopping their heels. The women were bearers of lint and tow to apply to the wounds of their martyrs; the men were armed with bars of iron, ramrods, hatchets, guns, pistols, blunderbusses and bludgeons. Some sung the "Marseilles," others "*Ca ira*." The wine-shops were all open, and all classes and all sexes drank freely, not merely because they were thirsty and mad, but because all drinking was gratuitous.

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" cried their chieftain, whose small mustaches, vivid, glancing eye, and stern, determined manner, evidently influenced the throng.

"Who is he?" I asked of a sub-leader of this revolutionary rabble.

"*C'est Dumoulin—l'officier d'ordonnance du l'Empereur!*"

This was uttered with so much energy, mingled with surprise at my ignorance, that I presumed if I did not, that at least I ought to have known him.

On marched the gang, and I kept by their side. Curiosity had led me to the *place du Louvre*, and now I, the least revolutionary man in the universe, found myself at the *Pont Neuf* with my new companions.

"Halt!" cried Dumoulin, and they all halted. He perceived in the distance, advancing towards them, though very slowly, a squadron of cavalry.

"Raise a barricade!" was his next order, and in less than three minutes five yards of paving-stones were in movement, for pickaxes, crows, and shovels had all obeyed him.

"Load your muskets—overthrow that wagon, and let the girls and women carry up paving-stones to

those houses, and throw them on the heads of the soldiers if they advance."

The wagon was soon prostrate, and intended to strengthen the barricade. Women, and even children rushed into the houses on the quay fronting the river, with every description of projectiles and missiles, and in three minutes afterwards Dumoulin and his armed gang were drawn up in order of battle. A few females, but very few, remained in the rear with lint for the wounded, and they were not long without employment.

The commanding officer of the cavalry, perceiving by means of a pocket telescope which he kept constantly applied to his eye, the movements of his opponents, had directed two pieces of artillery to be brought forward, and he resolved "on clearing the way" with a few cannon balls.

Roar went the cannon along the quay, and the barricade was destroyed.

"Let us feign a retreat," cried Dumoulin, "and the miscreants will advance. They will meet with a warm reception from the houses, and we will return when they are in confusion."

The stratagem succeeded. The cavalry commanding officer either forgot or disregarded the assailants in the houses, and his cry of "Rush on the rebels!" was scarcely uttered when himself, and half of his men were dead or struggling on the ground.

"*La victoire! La victoire!*" screamed Dumoulin, and the gang hastened to the scene of confusion. The shower of paving-stones, bricks, iron-bars, weights, and even furniture, all thrown out of the windows, was over, and the poor horse-soldiers were being trampled on by their own horses, or had expired from the blows they had received. Those who had escaped were hastening back to the *place de Grève*, and Dumoulin and his supporters were triumphant. What a scene of confusion, blood, rapine, plunder, carnage, ferocious oaths, and mad singing! "*Ca ira, ça ira*," roared the conquerors, as they revelled in the sight.

"Seize the cannon!" cried Dumoulin, and on they rushed. Some had half accoutred themselves in the uniforms, trappings, and arms of the slaughtered cavalry. Others had seized the living horses of their dead masters, and now bestrode them, regardless of stirrups, or boots, and even of their own destruction. A youth of twenty, who was no equestrian, was dashed to the ground and hurled to death by his prancing and maddened steed.

"Let another mount him," said Dumoulin, and an old man of sixty, armed with a carbine he had just stolen, obeyed the command of his leader.

"Make haste, make haste, rush on the cannon!" was the next direction, and the artillery could make no resistance.

"That was the fellow who fired on us!" roared a middle aged man, whose breast was uncovered, as if to brave danger, and whose Cyclops appearance was appalling.

"Then put his head where it merits to be," answered, not Dumoulin, but a sub-leader; but he was rescued from the sentence by a counter order.

"*Vive la liberté!*" shouted Dumoulin, and now ten thousand voices repeated the cry.

"*Ca ira, ça ira*," sang the people at the windows, who quailed whilst they sang it; but who resolved to endeavor to save their panes of glass by their affected or real enthusiasm.

At length the greatly increased gang arrived with their two pieces of artillery close to the *Hôtel de Ville*. But what was to be done? The *place* on which the Paris Guildhall stood is a square, falling back from the line of the quay, and therefore nothing which there transpired could be seen by Dumoulin. If he conducted his undisciplined army at once to the *place*, they would, in all probability, be mowed down by

well-arranged cannon, grapeshotted, and driven in the river. But the genius of Dumoulin was not a moment at fault.

"Halt!" was the first word, and all then remained motionless.

"Throw up a barricade against the artillery and the cavalry!" was the second direction, and paving-stones, chests of drawers, tables, blocks, and even counters, formed in less than five minutes such a barricade that the Duke of Wellington himself would have some difficulty in destroying. Never was such a motley assemblage of the most discordant materials before collected; at least since the deluge.

A passage was left for the retreat of the gang if necessary, and then Dumoulin advanced, but without the artillery he had captured (for he kept them in reserve to play, if requisite, from behind his monster barricade), with some five hundred of the most ardent, to explore the *place de l'Hôtel Ville*.

Bang! bang! bang! went two pieces of artillery, as they arrived; and for the moment Dumoulin paused. But it was only a moment. His eagle eye had at one measured the extent of danger—the number of troops—the force he had to oppose, and the resistance he would meet with.

"*Vive la liberté! Vive la ligne!*" Cried Dumoulin. That was a clever trick. The first cry was to please the people, the second was to captivate the troops. It had also another effect—it showed the troops that the professed object of the gang was liberty, and this palsied their arms, and disposed them to non-resistance.

"Are we not your sons, your fathers, and your brethren?" asked Dumoulin, as he advanced to the front of an infantry regiment charged to fire on the revolvers.

"Yes, we are your brethren?" was the answer.

"Fire!" cried their colonel; but they would not fire.

"*La victoire! la victoire!*" screamed Dumoulin, for he could not roar, and he waved his sword to the gang to advance.

But though an infantry regiment had given away and "forsook its master," the cavalry and artillery still remained faithful. Dumoulin found it necessary to bring up his two pieces of artillery, since the infantry remained spectators.

"*En avant!*" cried Dumoulin, tired of being fired at, and firing. "Let us march on to the cannon!" and they did so in the twinkling of an eye.

Many a felon there met with his death, and many a workman there found his grave. But Dumoulin and the greater part of his troops escaped both shot and sabres, and all the artillery were in the hands of the people.

"Let us enter the *Hôtel de Ville*, and form a provisional government!" cried Dumoulin, and the old doors soon gave way to the battering-rams of their assailants.

But the *Hôtel de Ville* was guarded. Another battle had to be fought. The passages, staircases, rooms, halls, were all occupied with men, determined rather to die than to surrender.

"Throw them out of the windows," cried a sub-leader of the invaders, as they entered the vestibule.

"We will not give you that trouble," replied a stern and sturdy voice—it was that of a faithful Swiss guard.

"Rush on the brigands," screamed Dumoulin; and then began a conflict foot to foot, hand to hand, and blood for blood; and verily blood enough was spilt in that half hour to make the graves open, and the dead arise.

"Victory! Victory!" was heard from the windows of the old building. It was Dumoulin who was there. His sword was bloody, and his hands were red; he looked a Revolution in himself. There

was joy, triumph, and the very agony of enjoyment in his face!

"Let us sing the *Marseilles*," he added, and some thirty thousand voices got up the chorus. Was such music ever heard on earth before?

When a few minutes had passed in singing, Dumoulin hastened to form a provisional government—and he was Governor of the *Hôtel de Ville*!"

"But who is this Dumoulin?" I asked myself, as I returned from the scene of these exploits towards my quiet but far removed resting-place in Paris.

I was soliloquizing on glory, fame, revolutions, and the possibility of myself being shot, when I met an old friend as curious, and about as imprudent as myself. I told him all I had seen. He knew Dumoulin well, and the following is his history:

"My father," exclaimed Dumoulin, as one autumnal evening, in 1814, he was walking in the garden of the family-dwelling with his parent, conversing on the events which had just transpired, and on the impossibility of France submitting to the dynasty of the Bourbons—"my father, give me one-half of my portion now instead of the whole of it hereafter, and let me devote it to the service of my country, and to the interests of the Emperor!"

Napoleon was then in Elba. Dauphiny was in his favor—Grenoble was its capital. Dumoulin and his family resided there; and had long been known as respectable and wealthy glove-manufacturers.

The father heard the proposal with surprise; but he knew the adventurous spirit of his son—was a zealous Bonapartist himself, and did not refuse the request which had been made, merely requiring time for consideration.

The next day, with but little money in his pocket, he started for Genoa—proceeded to Elba—and arrived on an evening in September at Porto Ferrajo, in the capacity of a commercial traveller.

The first inquiry of Dumoulin was for Emery, the chief surgeon of the guard.

"Behold me here," said Dumoulin, as he entered his room; "but why are you here? why is the Emperor here? If his foot was now placed on the shores of France, in three days he would be at the Tuilleries. The enthusiasm in his favor has been increased by his misfortunes—the Emperor must return."

"I am Dumoulin of Dauphiny," said the young intruder, when he perceived Napoleon somewhat decomposed by the entrance of a stranger. "I believe, sire, my name is not unknown to you."

"I am familiar with both your name and your character, M. Dumoulin, and I respect both."

That was a proud moment for the Grenoble glove-maker.

Napoleon explained to his young adherent the route he purposed taking on his return to France.

"The roads are impracticable in that direction," exclaimed Dumoulin, with some abruptness.

"Resolution can overcome every obstacle," retorted the exiled Emperor.

"But there is a better route," added Dumoulin.

"This will do well enough," replied Napoleon; "for cannon can be carried, and a soldier, if he choose, can march twenty leagues per day on foot. Dauphiné is with us—they like not the royal family—the Bretons and the Dauphinois were the first to proclaim liberty at the castle of Vizille."

Dumoulin had too profound a respect for the opinion of the Emperor to persist further; but made some little jokes which amused his master, at the then recent journey of the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X) through the provinces of the south.

"I will leave you, sire," said Dumoulin, "and return to France."

"Adieu, Dumoulin! write often to Emery—be

prudent and faithful. I am not rich; but I have still enough to enable me to assist those who may devote themselves to my interests."

"I need no other recompense than your majesty's approbation, and the dignity and happiness of France," replied Dumoulin, and he left the isle of Elba.

"I have seen the Emperor," said Dumoulin to his father, on his return to Grenoble, "and he has resolved to return to France. Our enemies have resolved on shutting him up in a fortress, or on sending him to St. Helena. I now repeat my wish, to have my inheritance at present."

The father listened to his request: the necessary sales and mortgages were effected; and long before the Emperor landed in the succeeding March, Dumoulin's fortune was in his own hands in gold and silver.

"The Emperor has landed; let us thank God!" said M. Emery; as on the 4th of March, 1815, he entered Dumoulin's room in his father's house at Grenoble.

"France is once more free!" ejaculated Dumoulin. "Now for action."

M. Emery was the bearer of despatches written by the Emperor to M. de Labedoyère, the colonel of the 7th regiment of the line, then at Chambéry.

"Who will convey them?" asked Emery, who was overcome with fatigue.

"I will place them in his hands," answered Dumoulin; and he flew with such rapidity to Chambéry, that in a few hours he was conversing with the Colonel.

"The Emperor may count on my services," said Labedoyère. "Tell him I am his for life, or for death."

Dumoulin returned with equal rapidity to Grenoble—caused proclamations to be printed clandestinely in his own house, by Gavin the printer, also a partisan of the Emperor, and, on the 5th of March, assisted in preparing for his reception in the capital of Dauphiny.

"*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*" cried Dumoulin, as he galloped past the advanced guard of Napoleon, who had arrived at Lamure, a large town on the road from Grenoble to Marseilles.

"Who are you, young man?" asked the Emperor, who did not at first recognise his devoted adherent.

"I am Dumoulin, sire. Here is my fortune," and he placed a large sum in his purse at the feet of Napoleon; "and here is my sword—they are both at your service."

Napoleon smiled. "I will accept your purse for the moment," said the Emperor, "it will not be useless now. I will return it you at the Tuilleries! As to your sword, wield it in the interests of France. You are one of my orderly officers. Mount your horse and follow me."

The whole of this scene did not occupy two minutes—but it was never to be forgotten.

"What has been the effect of the proclamations?" asked Napoleon.

"That which your majesty might anticipate," was the reply. "All are enthusiastic in your favor."

"The battalion sent out from Grenoble," said the Emperor, "joined me as soon as they saw me. I had only to show myself, my old soldiers soon recollected me."

"No one in France has forgotten you, sire," said Dumoulin; "and at Grenoble you will be convinced of the truth of my assertion."

"There is a boy here who wishes to see you, sire, and to speak with you," said Dumoulin.

"Let him approach," replied the Emperor. It was young Barginet, one of the pupils of the Imperial School at Grenoble.

"You have something to say to me, my child,"

said the Emperor. "Speak without alarm. I do not frighten you surely."

"Oh no, sire, we are not afraid of those we love."
"Where do you come from, and what is your wish?"

Young Barginet made a signal to some other youths to advance.

"We come from Grenoble, sire; we were pupils of the Imperial School, and hearing of your return, my companions and myself wished to see you one day sooner, and to assure you, sire, that we are ready to die for you."

"In devoting yourselves to me," said Napoleon, "you devote yourselves to France. But you are young, my children, to become soldiers. Do your parents know of your resolution?"

The children looked at one another; they were embarrassed.

"Sire," said Barginet, "we set out without informing any one."

"That is not right," retorted Napoleon; "our first duty in society is to obey our parents, never forget that, at least." And then he added, "You will never again fail in this duty on a similar occasion. But what do they say of me in Grenoble?"

Young Barginet painted in glowing colors the hopes and enthusiasm of the people, and Napoleon listened to him with evident satisfaction.

"I will stop at Vazille (in the old castle of which, in 1788, the Estates General of Dauphiny assembled) and pass the night," said Napoleon.

"No, sire," said Barginet.

"Why not?" asked Napoleon, with astonishment at the tone and air of the stripling.

"Grenoble is but three leagues distant, sire; you have enemies there, and should arrive to-night."

"Who are my enemies at Grenoble?"

"I cannot name them, sire; I can only put you on your guard."

"How old are you, and where have you been educated?"

"I am sixteen, sire, and my education is one of the benefits I have received from you. I am a public pupil of the school of Grenoble."

"Do you understand mathematics?"

"No, sire."

"What then do you know?"

"I have studied literature and history."

"Pooh! Literature will not make a general officer. You must follow me to Paris, and you shall enter at St. Cyr or Fontainebleau."

"My parents are too poor to defray my expenses there, sire."

"I will take care of that. I will be also your father. Adieu. When we reach Paris, you must remind the minister of war of the promise I have just made you."

The promise was kept with fidelity, and to the very letter.

Napoleon arrived at Grenoble; and Dumoulin, overcome with fatigue, retired to rest. Scarcely, however, had he closed his eyes, when he was summoned by Champollion to repair to his master.

"I wish to testify to you, Dumoulin, my satisfaction at your noble conduct. You are a member of the Legion of Honor. Follow me to Paris."

"To death—and the grave if necessary," replied Dumoulin, with eyes flashing with joy.

"Come with me—my fortune will be yours—I attach you to my person," said Napoleon; and tapping him on his shoulder as he was taking leave for the night, added, opening a writing desk and taking out a cross, "take this, and to-morrow morning early begin your office near my person. Grand Marshal, here is a new officer of my household," and he laid hold of the ear of Dumoulin.

Napoleon arrived at Paris. The purse of Dumoulin and its contents were restored; he followed the

fortunes of his prince, and remained ever faithful to his cause.

"My Lord,

"Attached to the fortunes and fate of the Emperor Napoleon," was the commencement of a letter Dumoulin addressed to Lord Bathurst in 1818, when the former, having made a large fortune by speculation in the stocks, applied for permission to send £4000 sterling to the Emperor at St. Helena.

Dumoulin was arrested a great many times, under the restoration, for attempts in favor of Napoleon, and once escaped the guillotine by only a majority of one vote.

In July, 1820, faithful to his oath to his deceased benefactor (Napoleon), Dumoulin, after he was appointed Commandant of the Hotel de Ville, caused several thousand copies of a proclamation, calling Napoleon the second to the throne of France, to be printed and distributed. This act, when known to Lafayette, the chief of the Provisional Government, led to Dumoulin's arrest.

"M. le Commandant," said Lombard, one of Lafayette's agents, "General Lafayette desires to speak with you."

"I will attend on the General immediately," replied Dumoulin, and he hastened to the interview.

It was short—but fatal.

"You are a firebrand!" said Lafayette.

"You are an old, worn-out, useless charlatan," said Dumoulin.

"Keep M. Dumoulin in custody till all is settled," said Lafayette. And his agents obeyed his commands.

"Curses rest on that old imbecile," screamed Dumoulin; but he was kept a prisoner till the Duke of Orleans's name had been proposed to, and received with favor by the Parisians.

"Charge the troops," said Dumoulin to the mob in 1832 at Lamarque's funeral; and ever since then he has belonged to the extreme opposition.

The last time I saw him was a few weeks since (in September, 1840) on the steps of the Bourse at Paris. He looked old, haggard, and anxious; but with undiminished vehemence he exclaimed:

"If France will not make war on perfidious Britain, I shall proclaim myself a Russian."

MILITARY MAXIMS OF NAPOLEON.

XLIV. If circumstances prevent a sufficient garrison being left to defend a fortified town which contains an hospital and magazines, at least every means should be employed to secure the citadel against a *coup de main*.

XLV. A fortified place can only protect the garrison, and arrest the enemy for a certain time. When this time has elapsed, and the defences are destroyed, the garrison should lay down its arms. All civilized nations are agreed on this point, and there never has been an argument, except with reference to the greater or less degree of defence which a governor is bound to make before he capitulates. At the same time, there are generals, Villars among the number, who are of the opinion that a governor should never surrender, but that in the last extremity he should blow up the fortifications, and take advantage of the night to cut his way through the besieging army. When he is unable to blow up the fortifications, he may always retire, they say, with his garrison, and save the men.

Officers who have adopted this line of conduct have often brought off three-fourths of their garrison.

XLVI. The keys of a fortress are well worth the retirement of the garrison, when it is resolved to yield only on those conditions. On this principle it is always wiser to grant an honorable capitulation to a garrison which has made a vigorous resistance, than to risk an assault.

XLVII. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery, are nothing without each other. They should always be so disposed in cantonments, as to assist each other in case of surprise.

XLVIII. The formation of infantry in line should be always in two ranks, because the length of the musket only admits of an effective fire in this formation. The discharge of the third rank is not only uncertain, but frequently dangerous to the ranks in its front. In drawing up infantry in two ranks, there should be a supernumerary behind every fourth or fifth file. A reserve should likewise be placed twenty-five paces in rear of each flank.

AUTOMATON WATCHMAN.—In the copper-rooms at Sherness, there is a watchman who does duty night and day, without receiving either pay or provisions, which is not the only quality that renders him valuable to the lovers of economy, as he neither plunders himself nor suffers others to do so. A more ancient but at the same time more efficient "Charley" can scarcely be found. To speak plainly, this protector of public property is an ingenious piece of machinery, consisting of a painting on wood, which is placed in a position commanding a view of the store-room. It resembles a door in form, and presents at first the figure of a grenadier with the pointed cap and grotesque uniform of the olden time, bearing a musket and standing in the attitude of a sentinel. The moment any person touches or picks up anything in the room, whether it be a bolt or a socket, or piece of pipe, or any other article in the place, the door turns on a pivot, and in going round strikes an alarm bell, and gives warning to the storekeepers to be on the alert. The grenadier appears again, but he has changed his appearance, his musket is grounded, and his countenance indicates a determination not to be trifled with. If the attempt to remove any of the stores is repeated, he turns again and gives a second signal, and thus he continues to act as often as any one displaces the smallest article. The painting itself is said to be upwards of a hundred years old, but it is not of a very choice description. It is admired because of the purpose to which it is applied, and valued on account of the effect it produces amongst the workmen; for since this guard has been mounted peculation in the copper store-room has been almost unknown, and, it is believed, could not escape detection. The artisans and laborers employed in the dockyard seem to have more dread of this automaton policeman than they would of many who, though appearing to possess intelligence, are but automata. The inventor of this machine is one of the storekeepers, but he keeps the secret of its motion to himself, notwithstanding that the Lords of the Admiralty, Lord Lyndhurst, and other persons of high rank, who have witnessed its gyrations, have much wished to have their curiosity upon this point gratified. The contriver, however, rightly judges that the whole value of his watchman is dependent upon the close custody of the secret of its principle of action.—*London paper.*

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

The following account of an attempt made during the revolutionary war, to blow up the British vessels of war in New York harbor, may be of interest to most of our readers. It is copied from a New York paper of November, 1821, and is an obituary notice of the gallant soldier who made the daring attempt:

DIED.—At Lyme, Connecticut, on the 29th ult., Captain EZRA LEE, aged 72, a revolutionary officer. When the British fleet lay in the North river, opposite the city of New York, and while General Washington had possession of the city, he was very desirous to be rid of such neighbors. A Mr. Bushnell,

of Saybrook, Connecticut, who had the genius of a Fulton, constructed such a marine machine, of a conical form, bound together with iron bands, within which a person might sit, and, with cranks and skulks, could navigate to any depth under water.—In the upper part was affixed a vertical screw for the purpose of penetrating ships' bottoms, and to this was attached a magazine of powder, within which was a clock, which, on being set to run any given time, would, when run down, spring a gun lock, and an explosion would follow. This Marine Turtle, so called, was examined by General Washington and approved. To preserve secrecy, it was experimented within an enclosed yard, in over twenty to thirty feet water, and kept, during daylight, locked up in a vessel's hold. The brother of the inventor was to be the person to navigate the machine into action; but on sinking it the first time, he declined the service.

General Washington, unwilling to relinquish the object, requested Major General Parsons to select a person in whom he could confide, voluntarily to engage in the enterprise. The latter being well acquainted with the heroic spirit, the patriotism, and the firm and steady courage of the deceased above mentioned, immediately communicated the plan and the offer, which he accepted, observing that his life was at General Washington's service. After practising the machine until he understood its powers of balancing and moving under water, a night was fixed for the attempt. General Washington and his associates in the secret, took their stations on the roof of a house in Broadway, anxiously awaiting the result. Morning came, and no intelligence could be had of the intrepid sub-marine navigator, nor could the boat which attended him give account of him after parting with him the first part of the night.

While these anxious spectators were about to give him up as lost, several barges were seen to start suddenly from Governor's island, (then in possession of the British,) and proceed towards some object near the Asia ship of the line—as suddenly they were seen to put about and steer for the island with springing oars. In two or three minutes an explosion took place, from the surface of the water, resembling a water-spout, which aroused the whole city and region; the enemy's ships took the alarm—signals were rapidly given—the ships cut their cables and proceeded to the hook with all possible despatch, sweeping their bottoms with chains, and with difficulty prevented their crews from leaping overboard.

During this scene of consternation, the deceased came to the surface, opened the brass head of his aquatic machine, rose and gave a signal for the boat to come to him, but they could not reach him, until he again descended under water, to avoid the enemy's shot from the island, who had discovered him and commenced firing in his wake. Having forced himself against a strong current, under water, until without the reach of shot, he was taken in tow and landed at the Battery amidst a great crowd, and reported himself to General Washington, who expressed his entire satisfaction that the object was effected without the loss of lives. The deceased was under the Asia's bottom more than two hours, endeavoring to penetrate her copper, but in vain. He frequently came up under stern gallery, searching for exposed plank, and could hear the sentinels cry. Once he was discovered by the watch on deck, and heard them speculate upon him, but concluded a drift log had paid them a visit—he returned to her bottom and examined it fore and aft and then proceeded to some other ships; but the impossibility of penetrating the copper, for want of a resisting power, saved the lives of hundreds. The longest space of time he could remain under water, was two hours. For a particular description of this sub-marine curiosity, see Silliman's Journal of Arts and Sciences.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

WASHINGTON CITY, THURSDAY..NOVEMBER 26, 1840.

Among the passengers by the *British Queen*, arrived at New York from London, we notice the following names: Mr. HODGSON, of Washington, from a mission to Berlin; Majors BAKER and WADE, Captains HUGER and MORDECAI, of the United States army; and Professor BARTLETT, of West Point.

These officers of the army were sent to Europe last spring by the War Department as a commission to visit and report upon the military establishments of Europe. They are understood to have been in England, France, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia. Their reception by the Emperor NICHOLAS is represented to have been particularly flattering. The day after their arrival in St. Petersburg, he was pleased to invite them to assist at a grand review of the Imperial guards at Czarskeselo, where they remained as his guests for several days.—*National Intelligencer*, Nov. 25.

When these officers left the United States, inquiry was made as to the object of their visit; and although it was readily communicated, it was accompanied with a request that no public notice might be taken of it, for fear that the jealousy of European Governments might throw obstacles in the way. This fear, as the result has shown, was entirely groundless, but we cannot permit the occasion to pass by, without expressing the belief that there is an unnecessary and impenetrable secrecy attending all the operations of our Government. Though professedly a Government of the people, and for the people, there is more mystery attending its transactions than under any other among civilized nations.

Is an invention submitted for examination, which promises a saving of money or labor? It must not be promulgated, for fear others might profit by it.

Are experiments to be made with a new machine or model? They are of no interest to the public—the Government is acquainted with the results, and that is sufficient. Is any movement contemplated among our troops or vessels of war? They must not be divulged, or the object will be defeated. In short, every thing is wrapped in a mystery, as if it were improper that the left hand should know what the right hand does.

We have often been inexpressibly mortified, in our efforts to seek authentic information, at being met with intimations that things of common notoriety should not be promulgated; and perhaps the next day, the same information reaches us through a distant paper, leaving the impression that we are remiss in seeking information, when the fact is, our endeavors often border on importunity.

Why this secrecy—why this attempt at concealment?

Look at the English newspapers, see how they collect every item of passing news in the political, commercial, or military world. They watch the actions of their armies and fleets, and give the earliest notice of their movements; nor are the motions of their neighbors or rivals unnoticed.

In a time of war, we admit, there would be great impropriety—oftentimes danger—in disclosing contemplated operations; but during a period of profound peace, no injury whatever can result from informing the public of the employment of their military and naval forces.

ARRIVALS AT WASHINGTON.

Nov. 19—Major T. Childs, 3d art'y,	Gadsby's.
20—Surgeon H. S. Hawkins, army,	Fuller's.
Capt. L. J. Beall, 2d drag's,	do.
21—Asst. Sur. B. M. Byrne, army,	do.
24—Asst. Sur. J. M. Cuyler, do.	do.
Lieut. G. Barry, 1st infy,	
Lieut. W. Eustis, 1st drag's, Mrs. Latimer's.	

PASSENGERS.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 11, per steamboat *Corvette*, from Little Rock, Major H. Wilson, and family; Capt. J. B. Clark, and family, Capt. G. Morris, and family, Lieut. J. M. Smith, Lieut. S. D. Dobbins, and family, Lieut. G. P. Field, Dr. J. S. Griffin, and G. C. Goodin.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Nov. 12, in steamer *William Gaston*, from Southern Posts, Col. C. Andrews, Lieut. Burton, Dr. Noyes, United States army.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 18, per steam-packet *Huntress*, from Wilmington, Capts. E. D. Bullock, and W. M. D. McKissack, of the army. Per steam-packet *W. Seabrook*, from Savannah, Dr. J. M. Cuyler, of the army.

SAVANNAH, Nov. 17, per steamboat *Iris*, from Pilatki, Paymaster E. Van Ness, and Lieut. Burton, of the army. Nov. 19, per steamboat *Cincinnati*, from Charleston, Capt. C. A. Waite, and lady, Capt. E. B. Babbitt, of the army. Nov. 20, per steam-packet *Southerner*, from Charleston, Capt. W. M. D. McKissack, of the army.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23, per ship *Zenobia*, for Savannah, Major W. L. McClintock, 3d art'y; Lieut. Col. G. Loomis, and Lieut. D. S. Irwin, 6th infy; Lieut. R. F. Baker, 7th infy, Surgeon R. S. Satterlee, and Ass't. Sur. J. K. Barnes; Mrs. Lieut. Wessells, and Mrs. S. Casey.

Domestic Intelligence.

From the *Globe*, Nov. 23.

FLORIDA WAR.

It will be seen from the copy of the letter published below, received by the Secretary of War from the General commanding the army in Florida, that the recent efforts of the Government to terminate the war with the Seminole Indians by negotiation, through the intervention of some of the most influential of the chiefs of that tribe who had been removed West, has failed, in consequence of the usual treachery of the Indians.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF FLORIDA, }
Fort King, Nov. 15, 1840. }

SIR: Early this morning, I was informed by the Arkansas delegation, that some of the prisoners in camp had disappeared during the night. On sending out to the Indian encampment, it was discovered that all the Indians had gone.

Thus has ended all our well-grounded hopes of bringing the war to a close by pacific measures; confident in the resources of the country, the enemy will hold out to the last, and can never be induced to come in again.

But the day before yesterday the chiefs not only expressed a willingness but a desire to emigrate to

the West. Acting up in full faith to the promises I had made to them, their conduct is only to be attributed to the faithless disposition which has ever characterized them.

The partial delay caused by the armistice has not tended to the injury of the operations in Florida, inasmuch as it has been conducive to the health of the three regiments which have suffered so severely; they will now be enabled to take the field in larger force.

Immediately upon the withdrawal of the Indians, orders were transmitted to commanders of regiments to put their troops in motion, and before this communication reaches you they will be scouting in every direction.

Having left nothing unattempted with the means in my power, I shall now press the war with increased energy, and hope soon to apprise the department of the capture or destruction of some of the enemy.

I have the honor to enclose to you a copy of the order issued on the renewal of hostilities.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. K. ARMISTEAD,

Brig. Gen. Com. Army of Florida.

Hon. J. R. POINSETT, Secretary of War,

Washington, D. C.

By the schooner Empire, Capt. Southwick, we have received the St. Augustine Herald and News of the 20th inst. The News says, in reference to the failure of the last "talk," "It is rumored that all the posts are to be destroyed except a few necessary depots; wagons sold, company officers to march on foot, and the old system of hunting the enemy to be revived." The following order, issued by Gen. ARMISTEAD, looks a little wrathly:

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF FLORIDA, }
Fort King, Nov. 15, 1840. }

ORDER No. 57.—Part II.—The Indians having acted with their usual want of faith, the armistice is at end; the commanding officers of different regiments and posts will therefore be prepared to act offensively on the promulgation of this order.

III. The General commanding has reason to be gratified with the zeal and energy heretofore displayed by the officers and troops under his command, and in calling for increased energy on their part, he is confident his wishes will be met, and he anticipates the happiest results from the approaching active campaign.

Should the enemy hereafter appear with the white flag, they are to be made prisoners, and diligently guarded until further orders.

By order of Brig. General ARMISTEAD,

W. J. NEWTON,

Lieutenant and aid-de-camp.

By SHIP HARBINGER, CAPTAIN SILL.—The Indian delegation which went out under charge of Captain Page, of the 4th infantry, arrived on the 3d inst. at Tampa Bay, and were immediately sent on to Fort King. Alligator, Tigertail, and several other Seminole chiefs, having previously been into Fort Brook, and agreed with Gen. Armistead to hold a talk at the former place on the 10th inst., strong hopes were entertained, that a termination to the war would be effected through the intervention of Coa-coochee and the other chiefs belonging to the delegation.

Major Dearborn, with Captains Brown and Grayson, and a battalion of infantry, proceeded on the 6th inst. to Cedar Keys.

Eight hundred men of the various regiments have been ordered to the different forts in the interior.

The 3d infantry remains in garrison at Fort Brook, under Major Belknap.

The Indians still continue active, frequently shooting the mail carriers and others.

About 1500 troops are at Tampa Bay, and will remain there until the consultation is held.—*New Orleans Bulletin*, Nov. 13.

We copy to day from the Boston Morning Post the first of a series of articles on the reorganization of the navy of the United States. Now that the most exciting political contest known in our annals has been brought to a close, the country expects that the able and patriotic men, who, without distinction of party, grace our national legislature, should devote themselves to the great questions of public policy and of national interest which have been almost entirely lost sight of in the desperate game of President making.

Not among the least of the subjects of national importance and of all pervading interest is that of the establishment of our gallant navy on a new and more efficient permanent organization.

The voice of the nation has undoubtedly inscribed in characters too distinct to be misunderstood "reform" as the paramount object and first duty both of the present and succeeding Congress, as well as of the new Administration.

If we have been rightly informed, there is no branch of the public service to which this salutary principle should more speedily be applied as regards as well the correction of existing abuses, as the establishment of fixed and undeviating rules for the regulation of the service, than that of the navy.

We desire also to see farther action on the subject of the proposed bureaus as a substitute for that irresponsible "power behind the throne" greater than the throne itself.

We should like also to see a gentleman at the head of the Navy Department who possessed the high and chivalrous character and commanding influence of the first Lord of the Admiralty in Great Britain, though we admit as the range of selection is so narrow in our republic, being confined to civilians, it is next to impossible to find an individual after the British model with the requisite naval and military experience for a proper and efficient administration of this most important arm of national defence.—*Norfolk Beacon*, Nov. 18.

We learn that Capt. LLOYD J. BEALL, and Lieuts. HARDEE and NEWTON of the 2d regiment U. S. dragoons, have been ordered by the War Department to France, in order to gather at the military schools at Saumur and elsewhere, information relating to the most approved systems of cavalry tactics. From a personal acquaintance with each of these gentlemen, we are enabled to state that a more judicious selection could not well have been made, and their visit cannot fail to be attended with important results to the interests of our service.

The officers of the 1st regiment of dragoons, sent out for a similar purpose, have lately returned, bringing with them the fruits of their study and observations. We believe that nearly every corps of our army is represented abroad by one or more officers, who are instructed to ascertain all the late improvements in the corresponding departments of the French army.—*Savannah Republican*, Nov. 21.

LECTURE AT CONCERT HALL.—In addition to the address on national defence, this evening, at Concert Hall, by General Gaines, it is expected that his lady will deliver a short discourse after he is done, on the horrors of war. The Concert Hall is a spacious room, and capable of accommodating four or five hundred people, but the circumstance that a lady, and that lady Mrs. General Gaines, is to lecture, and to lecture on war, we should think it would not be too

large for the occasion. Admission ticket is 25 cents, and whatever money is collected by the sale of tickets will go to promote the interests of the institute. Mr. Xaupi has very kindly given the use of Concert Hall, *gratis*; and we would advise the ladies to go early that they may be accommodated with seats. The Mechanics' Institute, this winter, is calling forth unusual interest, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the directors for their labors and energy. It must prosper.—*St. Louis Republican*, Nov. 16.

From the New York American.

AROUND THE WORLD, a narrative of a voyage in the East India squadron, under Commodore George C. Read.—By an OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY. 2 vols. New York: C. S. Francis.—We have had so many voyages lately that one may almost tire of them. There is in these volumes, however, a freshness, an off-handed style both of thinking and writing, and a quaintness of observation and description, that will recommend them. The author, according to his own showing, was a Professor of Mathematics on board the frigate Columbia, who, beginning his voyage under disappointment, and sufficiently discouraging circumstances as to comfort, manages to keep up an elastic spirit, and roughs it as well as an Old Salt.

We have not much room for extracts, but think the annexed will prove what our author seems somewhat to doubt, the utility and value of a Chaplain's services on board a man-of-war.

"One of our lieutenants told me a story of a sailor attached to a ship, that interested me much. He was an excellent seaman, and so religious and peaceful, that he was called, *par excellence*, the Quaker. He was religious in all his doings, and, with few companions, seemed to stand apart from the majority of his shipmates, as one who had little sympathy with them; but every officer and sailor respected him, for he was intelligent and faithful—as brave as he was religious, as generous as he was reserved. He devoted his leisure to mental improvement and the Bible; but if a daring work of duty was to be done—a deed of danger and of skill—there was none so prompt and firm as the Quaker to undertake it. Once a storm arose suddenly at night, and (though I have forgotten the peculiar nautical circumstances,) it carried away a mast, the ship broached to, and a heavy sea broke over the quarter; when as she heeled and the decks filled, it was discovered that all the lee ports had been closed, and the scuppers were not enough to release the accumulating flood. The flapping of the loose sails against the rigging—the moaning of the winds and waters, quite drowned the voice of the trumpet, and there was great danger of the ship's going suddenly down in the trough of the billows. Then, as the lurid lightnings for a moment illumined the deck, confusion and consternation were revealed in every direction—the men were rushing for the boats, the binnacle lights were out, and the weather helmsman had deserted his post; when, at that critical moment, the voice of one, touching his hat at the time, said firmly to the officer of the deck: 'Sir, shall I take the helm? no one is there.'

"Who speaks?" said the officer.

"It is the Quaker, sir."

"Yes, take the helm, my good lad, and be quick, but first knock out a lee port, while I hold the helm, and let out the water. The ship lays like a log, while these cursed fools are crazy."

"The Quaker sprang, with prompt alacrity down the half-sunken deck, up to his waist in water—a vent was soon made, and the whirling current, hurrying to escape, almost took the dauntless mariner with them; but in a moment he was at the helm.

Silence and obedience were restored among the crew, and the broken mast was cut away. The Quaker fixed his steady eye upon the breaking sea, headed the faltering prow to the wave, and the ship once more being relieved, soon righted—the sails secured were closely reefed, and safety reassured.

"But had not the Quaker been there, where might have been the ship and its trembling spirits? And what was it that armed this man with such fearless self-possession in the midst of peril? It was surely more than natural courage—yes, it was a firm reliance on the providence of God, a submission to the decrees of duty, whatever and wherever they might be; it was the courage of religious faith—a faith that 'casteth out all fear.'"

From the Savannah Republican, Nov. 19.

"A VOICE FROM THE FORECASTLE."—Such may emphatically be termed Mr. Dana's interesting volume, entitled "Two Years before the Mast.—A personal narrative of life at Sea;" and it would but faintly express our estimation of it to say that we have perused it with the utmost pleasure.

We have no experience as a sailor, but we have traversed so many ten thousand miles and have seen so much of sea-life in every part of the world, that we can vouch for the graphic fidelity of his sketches and the accuracy of his delineations. To us, the reading of Mr. Dana's work was like beholding some old familiar face from the antipodes. We have passed through many of the circumstances he has described, beheld many of the scenes he witnessed, and have been on board nearly every vessel he mentions, from the yatchlike *Clemantine*, to the blubber-filled whaleman.

The author, whom we once knew as a fellow-student "in the classic shades of academies," determined in his junior year to leave his studies, and all the elegancies of refined life, to seek by a long sea voyage, the restoration of his enfeebled eyes. With a strength of mind worthy of all praise, he immediately doffed the uniform of an under graduate of Old Harvard, and arraying himself "in loose duck trousers, check shirt and tarpaulin hat," reported himself on board the brig *Pilgrim*, about to sail for the North West coast. The same firm and manly spirit was exhibited throughout his whole novitiate. He was no skulker, anxious to avoid every duty, but he obeyed with alacrity, and suffered without a murmur. The various situations into which he was thrown were of the most menial and distressing character. Still the same indomitable spirit whose energy rose superior to every toil, and whose strength wavered not amidst the direst calamities, was evinced in all. The narrative is an unvarnished tale of his experience as a common sailor, and is told in plain, forcible, and appropriately nautical language. It is a perfect daguerreotype of sea-life, and though the portraiture pertains more to the fore-castle than the cabin, there are still features enough in common to render it equally welcome to the state room and to the hammock. He pushes aside the fore-scuttle, and lets his readers take a view of that tough group who are crowded in that rank and narrow hole; he points out the bronzed faces around the beef-kid, with their "duff" and biscuit, their lobsouse and "water bewitched;" we sit with him on the windlass bitt, in the dog watch or under the lee of the long board, and listen to their jolly songs or long spun yarns; we behold them on Sunday in their holiday suit, sewing, reading or smoking; we are carried with him up to the dizzy height above to take in sail of a stormy night, and swing an arc of 45 degs. in midheaven, or descend into the hold to engage in steeving hides or smoking ship; we insensibly lean with him over the

weather gangway, watching the approach of the rising gale, and then turn away half blinded by its fury to witness the hurrying to and fro, the clewing up and down, the furling, reefing, and bracing—the pitching, rolling and lurching of the vessel, springing as if vital with energy from wave to wave, burying her bows in the spray, or rolling yard-arm and yard-arm in the long-footed swell of the cape. Indeed so vivid is every scene and occupation and amusement portrayed, that their prominent lineaments easily impinge on the mental retina and the picture faithfully answers to the original.

The volume is also interesting from its affording landmen some new and accurate views of a sailor's life. They have all heard of the trials and exposures—the dangers and privations of the mariner, but scarcely one has any definite idea affixed to either of these expressions. But in this book they are partially set forth in their every day occurrence, and though even here the story of their hardships is not half told, enough is manifested to elicit sympathy for their forlorn condition, and awake an interest for their amelioration. With all their peculiarities, they are as a class, among the most interesting of mankind. They are the living and ever changing links which bind us to distant nations. Keeping up a community of universal friendship—transferring the products of one clime to another, and by the powerful attractions of commerce, “knitting the unsocial climates into one.”

We recommend with unfeigned satisfaction this volume to the attention of any anxious to know the toilsome routine of a sailor's life, or who are at all interested in those displays of marine grandeur and sublimity which greet the eye of the voyager upon the mountain wave, or which fill his ear in “the deep, profound, eternal bass,” which the mighty ocean rolls in nature's anthem.

B.

GENERAL HUGH MERCER.

THE REMAINS OF A HERO.—It is intended on the 26th of the present month, to remove the remains of General Mercer of Virginia, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Princeton, from Christ Church burial ground to Laurel Hill Cemetery. This removal has been undertaken by the St. Andrew's Society, who, at considerable expense have procured a monument to be erected on the spot, which can now be seen at the marble yard of John Struthers. The ceremony will be performed by a civil and military procession; which will proceed to the Rev. Mr. Barnes' church, where an oration will be delivered by William B. Reed, Esq., from whence the remains will be taken to Laurel Hill and interred with military honors.

This removal has been made necessary in consequence of the opening of a street through Christ Church burial ground, and has been arranged with the entire consent of the relations of the deceased.—*Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.*

From the Philadelphia Ledger, Nov. 18.

MONUMENT TO GENERAL MERCER.—As the period is approaching when the solemnities appropriate to the tribute honoring the memory of one of the martyrs to the cause of American independence are to be performed, and as the public are daily becoming more and more interested in the subject, we have taken some pains to ascertain accurately the particulars of the monument which is to be erected over the remains of the gallant Mercer, which will be removed from their present resting place on the 26th of the current month, as we have before stated. For these we are indebted to the politeness of Messrs. Struthers & Son, to whose charge the work has been entirely entrusted, by the Saint Andrew's Society; this

latter body themselves acting solely in the matter, at the special request of Col. Mercer, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, the son of the deceased, who will be present on the occasion of the disinterment, oration, and procession. The monument will be completed at Laurel Hill, on the 23d instant, three days before the celebration of removing the remains take place. The following is a description of the monument:

The lower base upon the ground is plain, four feet six inches square, and seven inches in height; over this is another base, plain and moulded, three feet eight inches square, and sixteen inches in height; from this rises the die, at the four corners of which will appear a chaste and classic pilaster, between which, and carved upon the panels of the die, will appear the inscription precisely as given below; the die will be two feet ten inches square, and three feet three inches in height; over this will be a cornice, upon which is sculptured an American sword and scabbard, crossed, and surrounded by a radii or glory. This was the piece which was exhibited at the Franklin Institute. It is three feet two inches square, and thirteen inches in height. Upon this rests the plinth of the urn, which is plain and ornamented, is two feet square, and eleven inches in height. The whole surmounted by a tripodal urn, supported by three Roman swords. The urn is two feet four inches in height. The total height of the whole monument will be nine feet six inches.

The following are the inscriptions:

Principal Front facing the East.

Dedicated to the Memory of

GENERAL HUGH MERCER,

Who fell for the

Sacred Cause of Human Liberty and
American Independence in the Battle of

Princeton;

He poured out his blood for a Generous Principle.

West Side.

GENERAL MERCER,

A Physician of Fredericksburg in Virginia,
Was distinguished for his skill and learning,
His gentleness and decision,
His refinement and humanity,
His elevated honor, and his
Devotion to the Great Cause of Civil and
Religious Liberty.

North Side.

GENERAL MERCER,

a native of SCOTLAND,

Was an Assistant Surgeon in the Battle of Cul-
loden, and the Companion of

WASHINGTON,

In the Indian Wars of 1775 and 1776.

He received a MEDAL

From the Corporation of Philadelphia
For his Courage and conduct in the expedition
against the Indian Settlement of

KITTANNING.

South Side.

THE

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

of Philadelphia, offer this humble Tribute
To the memory of an Illustrious

BROTHER.

“When a grateful posterity shall bid the trophied
memorial rise to the martyrs who sealed with their
blood the charter of an Empire's liberties, there shall
not be wanting a monument to him whom

WASHINGTON

Mourned as the worthy and brave

MERCER.”

Custis's Memoirs.

From the New York Star.

THE KAMSCHATKA.—The splendid steam frigate was launched from Brown's ship yard at half-past nine o'clock this morning, in the presence of thousands of spectators. She took the water in beautiful style, gliding down the inclined plane without wavering in the slightest degree, and striking the surface of her native element so true and plumb, that she did not careen at all, but dashed forward into the open river with a rush as straight as that of an arrow.

The Kamschatka is, in appearance, about the size of the Great Western, though her actual dimensions are somewhat larger. She is pierced for sixteen guns. At present she does not draw more than about nine feet water, but with her machinery and armament on board, she will probably draw from sixteen to seventeen feet. Her masts and spars look rather dwarfish, but this, perhaps, arises from her great height above the water; when brought to her bearings by the weight of engines, boilers, fuel, guns, &c., we dare say she will appear *comme il faut* in every particular.

The Kamschatka was constructed for the Emperor of Russia, by Mr. William H. Brown, from a model furnished by two officers of the Russian navy, and her build promises great speed. Her bows and stern are decorated each with a double-headed eagle, surmounted by an Imperial crown. The cabins are spacious and convenient. They are to be fitted up, we understand, in the style of those of our packet ships. She is very strongly built, of solid seasoned white and live oak. Her engines will be of about 500 horse power. They are being made by Dunham & Brown. The following are her dimensions and armament:

DIMENSIONS.

Length of her deck,	220 feet.
Length of keel,	210 do.
Breadth,	36 do.
Full depth,	24½ do.
Tonnage,	2,049

ARMAMENT.

Main deck,	Twelve 36 pounders.
Spar do.	{ Two 64 do.
	{ Two 96 do.

The two 96's will carry hollow shot.

The Kamschatka will take her engines on board at Jersey city, to-morrow.

No expense has been spared in the construction of this superb ship, her machinery and other appointments, and we have no doubt she will do credit to her architects and machinists. She looks like a crack sea boat, and will prove an ugly customer to anything that may attack her. Heaven keep us out of the range of her "sixty-fours" and "ninety-sixes."

From the New York Emigrant and Old Countryman.

THE STEAM-SHIPS—THEIR POWERS AND PERFORMANCES.—The following details respecting the steamships at present plying between England and the United States we hope will prove interesting to our readers. There are now three in full operation, between London, Liverpool, Bristol, and New York. There are also the same number between Liverpool and Boston, by way of Halifax. The Great Western is rated at 1,340 tons burthen, and her engines are of 450 horse power. The British Queen is 1,016 tons burthen, and has two engines, of 250 horse-power each; the President is 2,369 tons burthen, and her engines are of the power of 650 horses. The three belonging to Mr. Cunard's line are all the same size, with engines of the like power, namely, 1,200 tons burthen, each, propelled by engines of 440 horse-power.

It will be apparent to the most casual reader, that there is a very great difference in the proportions of

the propelling powers to the size of their several vessels. The President is nearly double the size of the Britannia, and yet her engines are only 36 per cent. more powerful, which gives the last named vessel great advantage in speed.

If we suppose the vessels, with their freight, passengers, and stores, to be of the weight of their respective tonnage, we shall find that each horse-power has to move—

In the Britannia,	2 72-100 tons.
In the Great Western,	2 98-100 "
In the British Queen,	4 "
In the President,	3 94-190 "

Or we may state it thus: The moving power is to the body moved—

In the Britannia,	1,000
In the Great Western,	969
In the British Queen,	680
In the President,	688

The above will be found a correct statement of the propelling power of each, in proportion to their respective size. The difference between the Queen and the Britannia is 22 per cent. or nearly one-third in favor of the latter.

Let us now see what have been their performances. In doing this, we shall confine ourselves to the voyages made to New York during the present season. We do this for brevity, as well as because the "Cunard line" has only been in operation a portion of the season.

The Great Western has made five voyages to New York, and the time in which she accomplished them is 77 1-2 days, giving an average of 15 1-2 days for each. The longest was made in 16 days, and the shortest in 14 1-2.

The Queen has made four voyages in 62 days, giving also an average of 15 1-2 days to each, the longest occupying 16 1-2, and the shortest being made in 14 1-2 days.

The President has made only one, which she accomplished in 16 days. In all we have had ten arrivals at this port, the passages having been made in 155 1-2 days.

There have been four arrivals at Boston, the time occupied in making which was 53 days, giving an average of 13 1-4 days. The longest occupied fourteen, and the shortest was accomplished in twelve and a-half days.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL.—The ship Shenandoah, of Cope's line, Captain West, sailed from this port yesterday, with a full crew, consisting of twenty-one seamen, and one boatswain, *all colored people*. The only whites on board are the captain, and the first, second, and third mates. The latter is a mere boy, who, to enable him to sleep "aft," was raised to the nominal dignity and command accruing to the fourth officer. Every thing went off quietly at the wharf at the time of starting; and we state this merely because some riotous proceedings were anticipated from the white sailors. The reason given for the refusal of the sailors to ship on board the Shenandoah, was the misusage received from the officers of that ship.—*Philadelphia Ledger*, Nov. 20.

DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—The sea was recently sounded, by lead and line, in latitude 57 degrees south, and 85 degrees 7m west longitude from Paris, by the officers of the French ship Venus, during her voyage of discovery, at a depth of 3,470 yards, or 2½ miles, no bottom was found. The weather was very serene, and it is said, that hauling in the lead took sixty sailors upwards of two hours. In another place in the Pacific ocean, no bottom was found at the depth of 4,140 yards.

Selected Poetry.

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death,
Nor trifle even with the mould
Once quickened by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath hallowed every part
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
That strong arm, ah! 'tis strengthless now.
Spare then, each mouldering fragment, spare,
Of God's own image—let them rest,
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness is impressed.

For he was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood of madness tost,
In many a storm has been his path,
He hid him not from heat or frost,
But met them and defied their wrath.

Then were they kind—the forest here,
Rivers and stiller waters paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded mould below;
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
The still earth warned him of his foe.

A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep;
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their hills our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon,
Ah! let us spare at least their graves!

Foreign Miscellany.

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.—

The body was examined in the presence of Bertrand and Montholon, one or two officers of the governor's staff, and all the medical officers of the garrison, with some of the navy, and Antommarchi, surgeon to the deceased. Sir Walter Scott's account of the persons present on this occasion is not accurate, as two or three gentlemen who attended are omitted in his history. The principal medical officer, Dr. Shortt, physician to the forces, directed the writer to minute down the appearances, and to write the bulletin which was afterwards published, although his name was not appended to that document, because he was then only assistant surgeon, and the governor had directed that no officer, under the rank of surgeon, should sign the bulletin. Death is often a mysterious beautifier of human lineaments. All turbulent and violent passions are calmed within the breasts of the spectators in its presence, and the workings and traces softened or even obliterated in the expression of the deceased—

"Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingered."

Death had marvellously improved the appearance of Napoleon, and every one exclaimed, when the face was exposed, "How very beautiful!" for all present acknowledged they had never seen a finer or more regular and placid countenance. The beauty of the delicate Italian features was of the highest kind; whilst the exquisite serenity of their expression was in the most striking contrast with the recollection of his great actions, impetuous character, and turbulent life. As during his eventful career there was much of the mysterious and inscrutable about him, so, even after death, Buonaparte's inanimate remains continued a puzzle and a mystery; for notwithstanding his great sufferings, and the usual emaciating effects of the malady that destroyed him, the body was found enormously fat. The frame was as unsusceptible of material disintegration as the spirit had been indomitable. Over the sternum or breast-bone, which is generally only thinly covered, there was a coat of fat an inch and a half thick, and on the abdomen two inches, whilst the omentum, kidneys, and heart, were loaded with fat. The last organ was remarkably small, and the muscle flabby, in contradiction to our ideal associations, and in proof of the seeming paradox, that it is possible to be a very great man with a very little heart. Much anxiety was felt at the time to ascertain the disease of which Buonaparte died. Mr. O'Meara had represented the liver as the faulty organ, and this had been echoed by Antommarchi, though, as was said before, the illustrious sufferer himself, with better judgment, referred the mischief to the stomach as its seat and source; and he was perfectly right, as the event proved.—This organ was found most extensively disorganized; in fact it was ulcerated all over like a honeycomb. The focus of the disease was exactly the spot pointed out by Napoleon—the pylorus, or lower end where the intestines begin. At this place, I put my finger into a hole made by an ulcer that had eaten through the stomach, but which was stopped by a slight adhesion to the adjacent liver. After all, the liver was found free from disease, and every organ sound except the stomach. Several peculiarities were noticed about the body. He appeared at some time to have had an issue opened in the arm, and there was a slight mark like a wound in the leg, but which might have been caused by a suppurating boil. The chest was not ample, and there was something of feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms, and the smallness of the hands and feet. The head was large in proportion to the body, with a fine, massy, and capacious forehead. In other respects there were no remarkable developments for the gratification of the phrenologists. The diseased state of the stomach was palpably and demonstrably the cause of death; and how Napoleon could have existed for any time, with such an organ, was wonderful, for there was not an inch of it sound. Antommarchi was about to put his name to the bulletin with the English medical gentlemen, when he was called aside by Bertrand and Montholon, and after this conference declined signing. The reason was, no doubt, that such proceeding on his part would contradict the diagnosis of Mr. O'Meara, as to disease of the liver. With the object of supporting O'Meara, and also of throwing odium on the British Government, a new insular disease, called gastro-hepatitis, was found out for the nonce, of which Buonaparte died. Now, I will boldly assert that we had no such disease, nor any other endemic in St. Helena. We had some rare instances of hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, amongst the soldiers when much exposed to the sun in the valley of James's Town, but not one-twentieth part of the number we used to have in India. At night, too, from wet and exposure, the men would catch diarrhoeas, as under similar circumstances they would any where else, with pulmonary complaints besides,

from which we were remarkably exempt. But, as was before observed, that cannot be an unhealthy climate where a twelvemonth passes without a death amongst five hundred men, as was once the case at Deadwood, and where, during five years, and with an average of about forty officers, we did not lose one by disease. The body of the deceased Emperor lay in state all the 7th of May, in full military costume, during which time almost every respectable person in the island paid Longwood a visit. On the morning of the 8th, all the garrison off duty, the governor and admiral, with their staff, a great number of naval officers, the foreign commissioners, many ladies and gentlemen, and half the population of St. Helena, attended the funeral. When the hearse, bearing the body, came to a point whence there was only a foot-path down to the grave, the coffin was removed from it and carried to the willow trees at the bottom, on the shoulders of twelve grenadiers of the 20th, and twelve of the 66th regiments. Two Protestant clergymen attended, as well as the Abbe Vignali, but only the latter officiated. After the funeral service, the body was deposited in the grave, the heart being sealed up in a silver vessel full of alcohol, and put in the coffin. A signal was then made, and three salvos of fifteen guns, and three volleys of musketry from a line of three regiments, repeated grandly in a succession of fine echoes from the hills and ravines, sounded the requiem of Napoleon Buonaparte! It was truly a spectacle of extraordinary and intense interest. There lay the helpless corpse of him whose nod had long swayed the destiny of nations—the Conqueror of an hundred battles—the Legislator—the Creator of Kings and Princes—the Hero of the Age—there he lay; borne to his narrow home in the course of most righteous retribution, not with imperial pomp, over roads palled with sable escutcheons, but carried along a goat-path by the soldiers of that great nation which he had hated all his life with rancorous bitterness—that had stood sternly in his path to universal empire, and whose prostration and ruin it had been the unrelenting purpose of his heart and chief aim of his life to accomplish. There moved his body, borne by British grenadiers; whilst the golden letters of "Minden," and "Talavera," and "Albuera," and "Vittoria," and "The Pyrenees," flaunted over it from the colors, in strange mockery as it passed. There it slowly moved—to be buried in an obscure but appropriate nook—the crater of an extinct volcano—on a dreary rock, amidst an immeasurable wildness of ocean, without cenotaph or mausoleum, and even beneath a nameless tomb. The island appeared relieved from an incubus by the death of Napoleon; and that disagreeable state of watchfulness, restraint, and coercion, under which all had felt themselves so long, was at once relaxed. The sentries were withdrawn from the numerous commanding points about the rock—the cruizers ceased to interfere with strange vessels—the fishermen resumed their labors without police surveillance—and the taboo was every where taken off. Yet St. Helena, on the whole, had been much benefited by the presence of Buonaparte; great sums of money had been disbursed by the garrison and the fleet; an improved tone had been communicated to the insular society; the blot of slavery removed; agriculture stimulated; and the wretched goat-paths turned into good roads by military labor, to say nothing of prospective advantages from future visitors, attracted to the rock by the celebrity it had now obtained. When about to quit St. Helena, some of the foreigners were found to be considerably in debt to the shop-keepers in James's Town, and one of the highest rank amongst them owed no less a sum than between nine hundred and one thousand pounds. Payment being delayed, legal measures were threatened, and all was consternation at Longwood. In this dilemma, application

was made to the Governor, who handsomely guaranteed payment of the debt; thus removing the principal difficulty in the way of their embarkation. I have heard that the amount was paid soon after their arrival in Europe, and I should expect nothing else from the high character of the distinguished debtor. This generous behavior of the Governor, together with other acts of kindness to the exiles after Napoleon's death, notwithstanding the abuse they had all, publicly and privately, showered upon his character, show that Sir Hudson Lowe was a very different man from what he was represented by his enemies at the time, and what the world still believes him to be.—*"Trifles from my Port-folio," by Staff-Surgeon Henry, of the British Army.*

We are glad to find that Lieutenant-Colonel E. Mitchell, of the Royal artillery, is to be employed in organizing the staff of the Turkish army. This distinguished officer is at present in Spain, but orders have been forwarded to him to proceed forthwith to Syria. The corps does not possess an officer of higher talent, or one more capable for the duty to which he is now appointed.—*Naval and Mil. Gaz.*

For the Army and Navy Chronicle.

They love me not—my heart
Has long since told me—when I would greet them
With affection, they repulse me; my offered hand
They do not see, nor do they mark the warm blood
Mount on my cheek, or the large tear, which pride
Forbids to fall, fade in my eye, as they turn from me.
Why do they turn from me? I am a stranger.
Oh, in that word, how much of sorrow,
And heart-sickening desolation may be read!
I should be wretched were there not bright spirits,
From my dear northern home, now hovering round me;
The north wind whispers, as it touches me with its
Cold wing, that it has danced among the ringlets,
Of one bright happy friend, and fanned the fevered
Brow of her who now is pining on a bed of pain.
Though others shrink, its rough embrace is welcome
To me, and makes my heart throb wildly, for it
Speaks of home. That moon shines now
On those I love; they too are gazing at it, thinking
Perchance of one, far, far away. My eyes are dimm'd
With tears as I look up to it, but I can read,
In that pale melancholy face, a language
Which is balm to my grieved spirit. It says
"Oh weep not, daughter; fleeting are the loves and hates
Of these poor mortals, but raise thy thoughts to Him
Who comforts and afflicts—to Him thou art no stranger."
And then our little Marguerite—I've asked the fays that dwell
In her small golden cups, if my far distant friends
Still love me, and they have answered "Thou art still
Beloved." I will not then be sad, or care
For those who thus repulse me. I will live in an
Ideal world, and in the past, which has to me
Been bright and beautiful; and memory shall tinge with gold
Those clouds which now hang o'er me.

SATIRA.

* It is a common custom in France to name one of the Marguerites, (or daisies as we call them) after some friend, and ascertain by counting the leaves whether that friend loves us.

Military Intelligence.

3d Artillery.—A detachment of 205 recruits sailed from New York on the 23d inst., in the ship *Zenobia*, for Florida, via Savannah. Officers: bvt. Major T. Childs, comd. Lieuts. B. Bragg, F. O. Wyse, W. Gilham, W. H. Churchill, S. Van Vliet, and G. H. Thomas, all of 3d artillery. Lieut. H. W. Wessells, 2d infantry, A. C. S.

Naval Intelligence.**OFFICIAL.**

The following has been transmitted to the Department of State by the Consul of the United States at London:

NOTICE TO MARINERS.**BEACONS ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.**

TRINITY HOUSE, LONDON, 21st Oct., 1840.

SAFETY BEACON.

Notice is hereby given, that a beacon has been experimentally placed upon the southeastern part of the Goodwin Sands, with the object of affording means of safety to persons who may unfortunately suffer shipwreck upon parts of these dangerous sands, from which this beacon is accessible at low water; and mariners are hereby cautioned, that being situate a considerable distance within the southeastern edge of the sand, this beacon is not, on any account, to be regarded as a beacon of direction; and they will observe that from it

The South Sand Head Light Vessel bears S. W. by W. Westerly. Distant about 6½ miles.

The South Foreland Upper Light House W. S. W. ¼ W.

The Gull Light Vessel, N. W. ¼ N. northerly, Distant about 3¼ miles.

The Goodwin Light Vessel, N. E. by N. Distant about 5½ miles.

WARNING BEACON.

Notice is also given, that a beacon for direction is now preparing, and will be placed with all practicable expedition upon the Eastern Spit of the Goodwin Sand, which forms the south point of the Swathway, leading into Trinity bay from the eastward; further particulars respecting which will be duly notified.

BY ORDER,

J. HERBERT, *Secretary.*

A Naval Court Martial will convene to-day on board the U. S. ship Delaware. The following officers compose the court: Commodore Shubrick, President; Captains Morgan, Conner, Voorhees, Geisinger, McKeever, and McCauley.—*Norfolk Beacon, November 23.*

U. S. VESSELS OF WAR REPORTED.

MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.—Ship of the line Ohio, Commo. Hull, arrived at Smyrna, Oct. 8. Ship Cyane, Commr. W. K. Latimer, arrived at Smyrna, from off Jaffa, Sept. 24.

WEST INDIA SQUADRON.—Frigate Macedonian, Commodore Wilkinson, bound to the West Indies, went to sea from Hampton Roads on Friday last.

Ship Levant, Commander Smoot, bound to the West Indies, dropped down from the navy yard at Norfolk, on Sunday morning, to the anchorage off the Naval Hospital.

EAST INDIA SQUADRON.—Ship Boston, Commr. J. C. Long, sailed from New York on Friday last for the East Indies, to touch at Rio Janeiro.

REVENUE CUTTERS.—The revenue cutter Morris, Capt. Walden, rendered essential service in the Pepperill's Cove, near Portsmouth, in the gales of Sunday last. Schr. Catharine, of Deer Isle, Pressy, hence for Lubec, went adrift, and was going upon a point of rocks, when a signal of distress brought the boats of the cutter to her aid, and she was taken to a safe anchorage. Sloop Rhoda and Betsey was also

relieved from a perilous situation. Another vessel having drifted afoul of schr. Tantamount, of Newburyport, and carried away her fore yard in the slings, both vessels were in a perilous situation. Another boat from the cutter succeeded in clearing the vessels which had injured each other considerably, and anchored them, where they rode out the gale without farther material injury. Next day the cutter was called upon by Capt. Matthews, of schr. Franklin, of and for Belfast, from Boston, having lost an anchor and chain in the gale. The cutter's crew were soon actively at work, and were fortunate enough to get both. The fleet sailed the same forenoon. The Rhoda & Betsey has the beacon to be placed on York Ledge.—*Boston Daily Adv.*

MARRIAGES.

At Sacket's Harbor, N. Y. on the 10th, Captain J. A. PHILLIPS, late U. S. A. to Miss M. A. DEWEY.

At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 16th inst., HIRAM SANFORD, Engineer of the U. S. Navy, to Miss JANE A., daughter of the late JACOB HOUSE, of Kingston, Ulster county, N. Y.

At "Beach Cottage," in St. Augustine, on the 12th inst., Capt. J. R. B. GARDENIER, of the 1st regiment U. S. infantry, to Miss JANE L., eldest daughter of JOHN C. CLELAND, Esq.

In Baltimore, on the 19th inst., CAMPBELL GRAHAM, Captain U. S. Corps Topographical Engineers, to ELIZABETH S., daughter of the late WILLIAM GILMOR, Esq.

DEATHS.

Died at Fort Heileman, E. F. on the 28th ult., of congestive fever, JAMES WILLIS, Band-master of the 2d regiment of U. S. dragoons. He was formerly of New York, and eldest son of the once celebrated Willis, the bugle player of West Point. He was an affectionate son, a kind brother, a warm friend, and an accomplished musician. He has left many relations and friends to mourn his loss. Peace be to his manes.

In Georgetown, on Saturday evening, the 21st inst., in the 22d year of her age, LOUISE A. wife of WM. W. CORCORAN, and daughter of Com. CHARLES MORRIS, of the U. S. Navy.

ARMY, NAVY, AND MARINE UNIFORMS.

JOHN SMITH, (late of West Point,) would respectfully inform the officers of the army and navy, that he is now enabled to furnish to the different corps their uniform complete, all made of the best materials, and forwarded with despatch.

To prevent errors, the Legislature of New York has authorized him to change his name to JOHN S. FRASER; therefore all letters hereafter will be addressed to JOHN S. FRASER, March 5—tf. 168 Pearl street. New York.

EDWARD OWEN and EVAN EVANS, heretofore trading under the firm of E. OWEN & Co., have taken into partnership JOHN S. OWEN. The firm will hereafter be known as that of OWEN, EVANS, & Co. They feel grateful for the very liberal patronage with which they have been favored; at the same time that they have to request that all those indebted to them, call and settle the same, either by note or otherwise, without delay, as it is essentially necessary that the business of the late firm be closed.

OWEN, EVANS, & Co., Military & Naval Merchant Tailors, Pennsylvania Avenue (near Fuller's Hotel) Washington city, beg leave to state to their patrons of the army and navy, that by recent arrangements with a London Military and Naval Embroidery Warehouse they are enabled to make up uniforms in a style not surpassed by European manufacturers.

They constantly keep on hand, the following very superior articles.

Rich Gold Embroideries, Army and Navy
do do Epaulettes do do
do do Embroidered scales do do
Swords, Belts, & Knots, Army and Navy
Rich Gold Lace do do and Marine Undress
Caps, new regulation,
With a full assortment of ornaments for the Staff, Topographical Engineers, Dragoons, Artillery, Infantry, &c.
Oct. 22—tf.

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